Clubhouse for Suburban Street Car Men.

The Work of the Company's General Manager Appreciated by Employes.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

The employes of the St. Louis and Suburban Railway Company are making good use of the clubrooms fitted up for the men at No. 3319 Morgan street, which were opened last Wednesday night. Every evening since that time there can be seen in the club hall uniformed conductors and motormen playing billiards or pool or seated around tables enjoying a quiet game of cards, dominoes or other kindred game. The men are delighted with the innovation and are loud in their praise of General Manager Thomas M. Jenkins, by whose orders the club was fitted up.

The place is admirably adapted for the purpose for which it is devoted, both by reason of the construction of the building and its location. The building was formerly the depot of the old Narrow Gauge Railroad Company, which was merged into the Suburban Company. Being a one-story structure, the men are not subjected to the delay required to ascend in an elevator to a hall or an upper story. Street railway men have not much time to spare when off duty, and every delay takes just so much additional time from their leisure moments. In the present instance, in a few seconds from the time they step from a car they are in the club hall.

The club, being located within a block of the junction of the Suburban road's branches at Sarah street, can be reached by the men from the terminus of any of the divisions of the road within twenty minutes. Should a man desire to take a bath after being relieved from duty he can take the car to the clubrooms, take his bath and be back home in less than an hour.

For the men who have day runs and are relieved early the club is of special benefit, affording one of the most desirable places in which to spend a pleasant evening. In addition to billiards, pool and other games, all of the daily papers are at hand, besides periodicals, magazines and an abundance of other reading matter. There are also writing material and a number of tables for the accommodation of any who wish to write letters, composition or anything else that they may desire.

There are three bathrooms, one being for shower baths, with hot and cold water connections. A feature of the club is a combination billiard and pool table. The table is supplied with pockets for playing pool. Several kinds of pool can be played on the table, such as French pool, pin pool, bottle pool and other specialties. There are blocks to fit the pockets of the table, which close the pockets, forming a straight cushion and converting the table into a billiard table.

There is also a complete gymnasium outfit, comprising swinging rings, apparatus for rowing exercises, muscle developing devices, in addition to punching bags and boxing gloves.

The bathrooms are at the western extremity of the hall. At the east end of the hall is a stage to be used in the giving of entertainments and when meetings will be held in the hall.

The starting of the club was the idea of Mr. Jenkins. He turned the matter over to his assistant, Mr. H. O. Rockwell, who attended to all of the arrangements of fitting up the club. Mr. Rockwell had the hall cleaned and painted and abundantly supplied with electric lights. The appurtenances are all of first-class material.

As the winter approaches various means will be adopted for entertaining the men. A debating society will be formed, and lectures will be given relating to the work at which the men are engaged. Employes of the car manufacturing companies will be invited to make addresses, and explain the difference between certain kinds of trucks, brakes, motors and other parts of cars, a knowledge of which will be of benefit to the men engaged in operating the cars. Entertainments will be given from time to time.

The hall will also be used for holding the meetings of the Suburban Mutual Aid Association, although the society has nothing to do with the management of the club. This will be vested in a House Board, composed of five members, elected by the men. The board has not yet been selected, but will be at an early day.

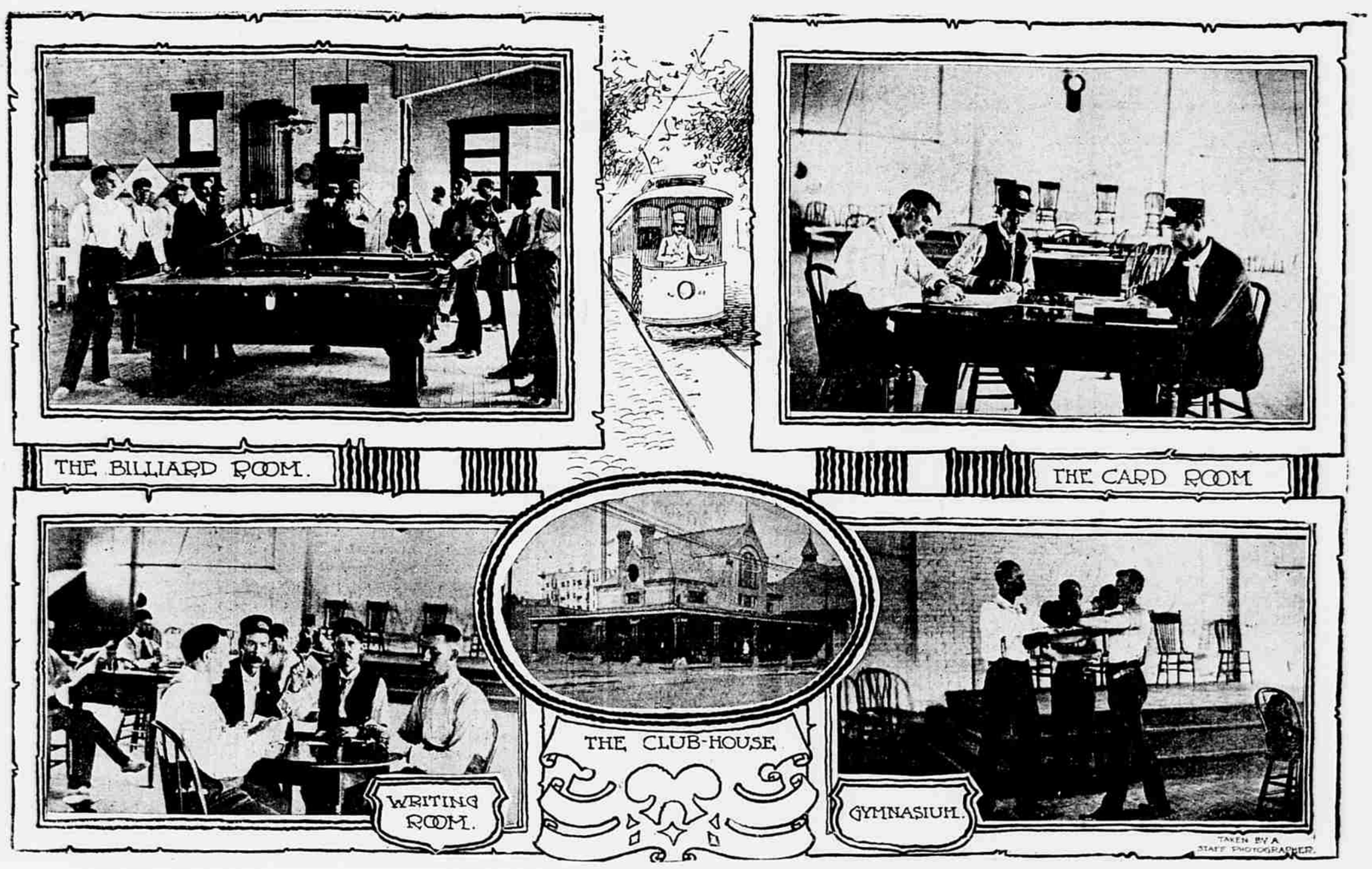
At present the club is in charge of Mr. Rockwell, assisted by Edward M. Spates, financial secretary of the Suburban Mutual Aid Association. The club is opened at 7 a. m. and closed at 11 p. m. A janitor is in attendance to wait on the men and take care of the bathrooms. The janitor opens the club. Mr. Spates comes down at 11 a. m. and remains until the club closes. Mr. Rockwell drops in every day to see how things are getting on and to superintend the adjusting of some of the arrangements which have not yet been completed. When everything is in first-class running order a meeting will be called and a House Board elected, and Mr. Rockwell will turn over the management of the club to the board. It is the desire of Mr. Jenkins that the club be managed by the men without any interference from the officers of the company.

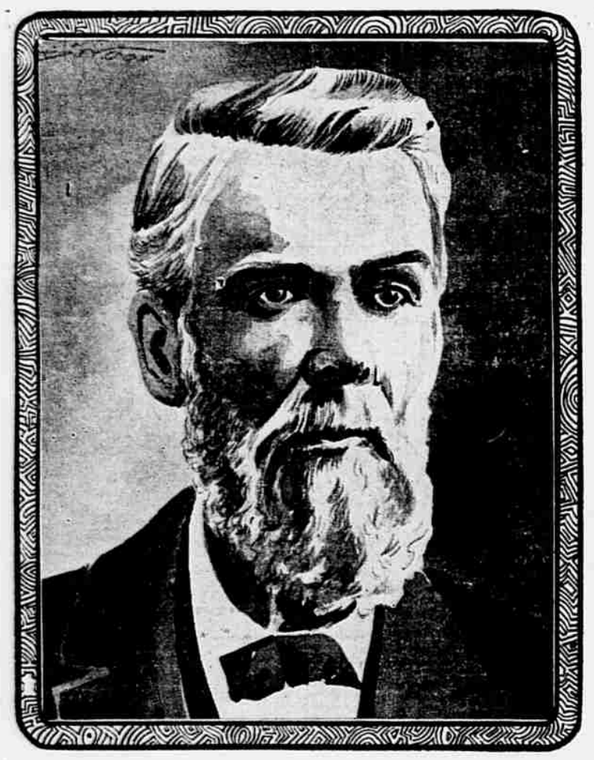
A Republic reporter dropped in at the club one evening last week and spent a pleasant half hour with the men. A game of pool was in progress, which was watched by several conductors and motormen, who evidently derived as much pleasure from looking on as did those who were engaged in the game. At a table four men were engaged in a game of cards, which they were very much enjoying. For the time being they were oblivious to all care. The petty annoyances of the day were forgotten, and nature was given an opportunity of recuperating the physical condition of the men. Others of the men were engaged in swinging by the rings. This consists of a row of rings being suspended from the ceiling by cords. The rings come to within about seven feet from the floor. A man will take hold of one of the rings and swing to the next ring, which he will catch with the other hand and thus continue until he has traversed the entire row. It is one of the best forms of exercising.

Two of the men were engaged at "punching the bag." The enjoyment which they were deriving from the amusement was manifest in their countenances. Several of the men were seated around tables reading. All present were enjoying themselves, each in his own way.

Mr. Rockwell called while the reporter was there. It was interesting to note that his coming did not affect the interest of the men in their entertainment, thereby showing that the men have perfect confidence in their superiors.

The beauty of the whole affair is that it has not cost the men one cent. The company has defrayed all of the expenses. The use of the club, including baths and all other privileges, is free to the men. Neither will the Suburban Mutual Aid Association be charged for the use of the hall for holding its meetings. A fee of 50 cents a month is assessed against the members of the association. This is used in paying sick benefits. Each member, while ill, receives $7 a week. At the last meeting of the society $250 was disbursed in sick benefits. No meeting of the society had been held since the beginning of the strike, the men being too busily engaged to attend meetings. The officers of the association are: President, Thomas F. Whalen; recording secretary, R. C. McGilloway; financial secretary, Edward M. Spates; treasurer, James Gibbons.





Death of Alexander Proctor, Prominent Missouri Preacher.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Alexander Proctor, one of the leading pioneer preachers of the Christian Church, died at his home in Independence, Mo., July 24. He was 75 years old and had long been recognized as a leading spirit of the Christian, or Disciples', Church in this State.

Alexander Proctor was born in Fayette County, Kentucky, April 1, 1825. His father, Rowland T. Proctor, came to Missouri in 1836 and settled in Randolph County. He had seven sons, who all grew to manhood in the early days of the State. Reared on a farm, Alexander Proctor was accustomed, as a boy, to the hardest kind of labor.

At the age of 19 he was selected as the Missouri representative in Bethany College. Alexander Campbell, the president and founder of that school, had offered the college course to one young man who would devote his life to the work of the church. The honor fell to Alexander Proctor of Missouri, and never did mantle fall on more worthy shoulders.

Graduating with honors, he came back to Missouri and entered upon his life work. His first pastorate was the church at Lexington, Mo., where he served until 1850, and the church prospered under his direction. He then resigned and accepted the pastorate of the church at Glasgow, Mo. Here he remained until 1856. In this period he preached and held meetings in all the churches of his denomination in Central Missouri. He was then called to take charge of the only Christian Church in St. Louis. After four years he was compelled, on account of failing health, to leave the city.

In 1860 Doctor Proctor went to Independence, Mo., where he has remained ever since, excepting two years in the war, when he was forced to leave the community on account of order No. 11. During those two years he preached in Paris, Monroe County. In the forty years' pastorate at Independence he has refused calls to New York City, Cincinnati and many other places at larger salaries.

In 1859 he married Mrs. Caroline Shaw Prewitt, who, with four children, survives him, Mrs. C. R. Thompson of Astoria, Ore., Rowland T. Proctor, Mrs. J. H. Montague and Mrs. William Southern, Jr., of Independence.

He was held in such loving esteem by the citizens of Independence that on the day of the funeral the County Court adjourned and all the county offices and business houses closed. Such a tribute is rarely paid to a private citizen.

EELS AT A PARTY.

The Rockland (Me.) Opinion tells a story of the way in which a quilting-party was recently broken up. The ladies were plying their needles and talking in the sitting-room of the house where the quilting-bee was held. Meantime the husband and son of the hostess, who had been fishing for eels, returned home.

The two men repaired to the kitchen and dumped their heavy catch into the sink. Then, leaving the eels to thaw out in hot water, they repaired to the barn to attend to the cattle. Soon the eels, which had appeared to be frozen stiff and lifeless, began to feel the effect of the warmth and to writhe and twist in the full vigor of life. They flopped out upon the floor and, so to speak, pervaded the room.

The sitting-room about this time had become very warm, and some one opened the door leading into the kitchen. Suddenly a lady saw one of the eels, screamed, rose from her chair, and shrieked:

"There's a snake!"

In an instant the wildest excitement prevailed. A glance into the kitchen, and there was a cry: 'Oh, the kitchen is full of snakes!"

The quilters rushed out into the hall and up the stairs to the dressing-room.

At this juncture the men came in from the barn, and there was some lively work before the eels were slaughtered. The shock and the fright which the ladies had received effectually broke up the quilting party.

CITY PEOPLE MAY KNOW SOMETHING OF COUNTRY JOYS.

The Back Yard—A Refuge and Exercise Ground for Grown Ups.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Mr. Charles M. Skinner's new book, "Flowers in the Pave," is a most attractive volume, bound in green and gold and daintily illustrated. (Lippincott.) Mr. Skinner is a nature-lover, who would live in the country if he could, but who must content himself in the town. In this effort at contentment the author finds as much as possible of the country even in the city, and he makes the most of every insect, every bit of color, every flower and weed, and every glimpse of sky and stars. Mr. Skinner says:

"Some of the best hours in a man's life are those when he is beholden to nothing and nobody, when he simply looks at the sky or the woods or the hills, or from his window gazes into tree-tops, clean and rare delight.

"Tightly as we have barred nature out of town, it is nearly as hard to find human nature there. It is not often that we look out of the streets into souls. Men go masked. In the crowd you see not one that you care to know; yet if the masks were off it might be otherwise. And what ugly masks! Here are the stern, the haughty, the crushed, the furtive, the unexcellent. And how much harsh talk! Do the talkers realize how their tyranny and coarseness vex? There is a special pity due to those who must put up with it; for while strength grows out of some suffering, another suffering numbs and weakens. The sensitive and artistic endure much from the gibes of sturdy, leather-witted barbarians and the bullying and jostling of the mob, and are only made the more timid and bitter by it all. The aged, too—but with them timidity is the habit of self-preservation inflamed. Cunning and caution take the protective duty of youthful confidence. They hesitate at lobster, and respect cough medicine and the law of gravitation.

"I don't know when I was better plased than with the conduct of a couple of paupers in a Connecticut city, after their neighbors had got together and made a purse for them. Theye were well-bred paupers, mind you, and had asked no favors; but, having ill for a time, and lost work, they properly erly came within helping range of their fellow-creatures. And the good souls said, 'Now, Mr. and Mrs. B will be able to buy some flannels and a barrel of flour, and they really must get a necktie and a bonnet to come to church in.' But what a cackling, what a holding up of hands and rolling of eyes! The first thing those paupers did was to buy two tickets to hear Charles Dickens read!

"Dickens! A man who wrote stories that were not true! It never occurred to the deacons that a soul could be starved as well as a body. These two people had minds; their minds were hungry, and they had a treat that blessed them as long as they lived, but the givers of the fund were angry because all of the money was not spent for bread and coal and flannels. I have known people to refuse aid to a man because he had certain comforts—books, pictures and a pipe. If he wanted aid, he was first to take these things to the auction-room or the pawnshop and get rid of them for a tenth of their value, and buy three meals. Then, having nothing left to live for or with, he was to have bread. As if the poor devil didn't live in his books and pictures more than in his bread! Motley was right: 'Give me the luxuries and you can have the necessities!' How I could enjoy the flowers that I hope will be sent to my funeral.

"Funerals! The city kills many men every year—kills with a yearning for hills and moving waters. And many die in the country for lack of a crowd. Often we grieve with city sickness, and lay it to heavy suppers, late hours, heat, press of business, sewer gas, want of ventilation—this, that and the other; but go into the country, even look into some wild solitude at sunset and all comes right again. It was the mind that was cramped; the body was suffering vicariously. Nearest privilege to these escapes is to walk the streets at night, look at the sky and hear music. All other arts are imitative. Music alone is intentive and human—or heavenly. It voices the great soul of nature; it takes one out of this ignorant present.

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"Our youngest came into the house the other day, bringing a serious countenance and a hammer. He said: 'I've built a thinking-house in the yard.' And for nearly two times he went out there and put his head into this construction, the rest of him perforce extended outside, on the grass, and contemplated his contemplations. Rather a good idea. When you come home and find coal gas in the house or dinner late because that persistent Mrs. Brownsmythe will choose such a wrong hour to call—I tell her it's because she expects to be invited; but if she comes on wash day, what does she suppose she's going to be invited to. She wants to know; or the plumber fiddling around with a job you could have done yourself in two hours, for all your lily fingers and your spectacles; or the oldest with a letter from the principal, saying that he regretted having to make an example of that hopeful before his class; or the front window broken again by those boys down the street—born to be hanged, every one of them—or the man waiting for you with the bill for mending the furnace, and charging twice as much as he had agreed to—I say that when you open your door on any of these tragedies, you have a natural and excusable impulse to fly to some uttermost part of the yard, get into a thinking-house and have it out with fate. Go inside of yourself, pull your mind in where nobody will see it, and hate things for a while, just as women cry; and when you have burned out the inflammable in your mental system for a month you will be ashamed of yourself and at peace, and prepared to be reasonable for several weeks to come.

"It is rather a good idea to have a place for things and to keep things in their places. It allays friction and saves material. When you put your shoes on the shelf where your wife keeps your neckties, or permit your ties to slip from the shelf and conceal themselves in your shoes, you lose temper and ties and time. It is the same with occupations and mental processes.

"There is more of the country in the town than we realize. We have to dig only a little way or go up in a balloon for ten minutes to be out of the hubbaboo. The town is only the country's market place, anyway. Is there an industry or interest in town that has not a line or an end in the country? The wool merchant sends there for the hair of sheep; men who trade in silk, paper, bread, glass, coal, wood, gravestones, news, drugs, guns, dead animals and cabbages must have laborers on the hills. The crude product is elsewhere than in the city. Brains, too, are gathered from the farms, squeezed dry in the town hopper and sent back again, but seldom.

"Why is it that we must own an animal before we feel any sense of kindness toward it? It is a sorrow that we have bred such fear in the minds of the birds, who mean to be our friends. There is fight in nearly all of them, if you rub their feathers the wrong way, but that does not excuse our incessant persecutions. When they see the dead bodies of their wives and husbands and the torn wings of their children flaunted on the hats of that half of the human race that we hold to be considerate and sympathetic, is it any wonder that they fly to the wilderness to get away from the other half?

"A love for beauty is not so slight in us that the average man is indifferent to shrubbery and flowers; yet to one compelled or comdemned to live in town how seldom are they visible! It is because, while waiting to adapt ourselves to the large surroundings that are to be ours in the future, we do not learn to adapt humbler surroundings to ourselves in the present. 'A back yard! Pooh! It's not worth bothering about. It was only made to dry clothes in.' Don't believe that, my friend. You are destined to live with that yard a good deal longer than with those manorial lawns and parks that gladden your imagination, and that will become your property as soon as—well, as soon as you get just a little more—just another hundred thousand—just another million—just another—ah! you will never hold the title-deeds for those fair gardens. Be thankful that you can dream of them, and meanwhile, practice your hand at the tilling of your immediate property. If a woman kept her home as the average man allows his yard to be kept, her husband would live at his club, or move to South Dakota. Considering that one's window view is a part of one's establishment, sense and taste dictate that it should present an orderly, if not attractive appearance. There are difficulties, it is true, and one must have patience with more than the plants. It seems as if, at times, the children must have been playing out there with dynamite; you almost know that each of Bridget's feet is two feet long on wash day; and as you never know how large a part of the earth's surface is made of tacks and broken glass until you ride on a bicycle, so, until you cultivate a yard, you will never know how largely vegetation prefers to consist of weeds, nor how many cats live in your row, nor how deep they can scratch. But, courage! If one thing does not grow, another will, and half the fun is in the trying.

"To be practical: Don't try to turn the whole yard into a garden; unless you are past 50, keep no pets, including children, and have a considerable leisure. Grass you must have. Flowers without green, and plenty of it, would be garish, oppressive, chromoish. Painted green is not safe company for a few other colors, but against vegetable green you can put almost anything, even the scarlet of geraniums. So leave the larger part of the yard for grass, and if the dandelions star it in the spring and fall, so much the better. Ask your wife to remind you to trundle out the lawn mower every week or two—she'll do it, for the new blades want a chance at the light and air, and your grass will look ragged and rusty if it goes to seed; while you must get out the hose and soak it in dry spells, if you want real color loveliness. A freshly watered lawn looks so glad that I often wonder if the grass blades do not feel that way. How do we know the contrary? Are we the only creatures that think? that know? Watch your sunflowers turning to the sun, your oxalis folding for its sleep, your orchids preening themselves for their insect bridegrooms, your morning glory reaching for a hold on a stick or a nail, your snap-dragon or balsam flinging its seeds, your golden-rod mending itself when broken, your pine straightening an upper branch to serve as trunk when it has been lopped at the crest. Watch these, and say if there is not intelligence. If it is outside of the plant, it is no less wonderful. Lend your own to its struggles to be of use and beauty.

EIGHT OF THE TEN DAUGHTERS OF MR. AND MRS. CHARLES SCHWARZ of Edwardsville, Ill., form the Schwarz Sisters' Orchestra, which has been playing at the Piasa Chautauqua. The other two daughters play with the orchestra occasionally. The home of the sisters is a handsome residence on Schwarz avenue, Edwardsville. Their training in orchestra work was under the supervision of their brother-in-law, Professor W. B. Thomas.